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1. A. MARSH, Successor to E. Howell, Daguerrecipps and Ambrotype Artist. Also, E. Howell' new Papertype, recently Fatenied. Lockets and Minesture Fins filled at reasonable rates. Fictures taken on patenienther, if desired. By Rooms, first building south of the Bank, Main street, Ashlabula, Ohio.

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435

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DOST OFFICE NOTICE.—The Mail going East will close at 10 o'clock and 15 minutes, A. M., and mail West will close at 11 o'clock and 20 minutes, A. M., the Southern Mail closes at 0 A. M., and the mail to Jefferson at 12 M. Elk Creek Mail, via Plymouth, Tuesdays, at 6 30, A. M. Office open daily from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M. 'An week days, and on Sundays, from 12 M. to 1 P. M. until for their notice.

Ashtabula, May 10th, 1858.

On and after Monday May. 10, 1858. CLEVELAND AND ERIE R. ROAD.

Leaving Ashtabula-GOING EAST. | Day Freight—No. 1 | leaves at | 1 06 F Mail | 11 11 A M | Conneaut Accommodation | 6 48 F M | Night Freight | 1 21 A M | Night Express | 12 16 A M | 12 16 A M | 13 1 A M | 14 1 A M | 15 Leaving Ashtabula-GOING WEST

ght Freight . 1 31 A w Chicago Express, East, and Mail West, stop at all stations sept Saybrook, Unionville, Perry, Mientur, and Wickliffe. Cincinnati Express, East, stops at Painesville and Kingsville only.

Day Express West will stop at Girard, Conneaut, Ashtabbula and Painesville only.

Night Express East, and West, stops at Painaville, Ashtabula, Conneaut and Girard only.

Carter Potatoes.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

Those are my beautiful Carters: Every one doomed to be martyrs To the eccentric desire

Of Christian people to skiu them,-Brought to the trial of fire Ivory tubers-divide one ! Ivory all the way through! Never a bollow inside one: Never a core, black or blue!

Ab, you should taste them when roasted! (Chestnuts are not half so good;) And you would find that I've boasted Less than I should They make the meal for Sunday noon;

And, if ever you cat one, let me beg You to manage it just as you do an egg. Take a put of butter, a silver spoon, And wrap your napkin round the shell! Have you seen a humming-bird probe the bell Well, that's the rest of the story !

THE MOUNTEBANK.

From Chambers' Edinboro Journal.

The bell rings, the curtain rises, and discovers the actors in our little drama. A middle-aged, stoutly built man, who would have been good-looking, but for the deeply graven impressions of anxiety and hunger which his face exhibited; he was arrayed in an entire suit of flesh colored tights, much durned; round his head he wore a filet, that had once been glowing lace; but it looked like a piece of dirty tape; yellow jugged, and a pair of faded crimson velvet trunks, on which a tarnished spangle, hanging here a there by a piece of yellow thread, showed that they had once been elaborately trimmed, completed his attire. Two pretty, pale-faced little boys, dressed, or rather undressed, in precisely the same manner, stood by, looking on dejectedly, yet listenlogue between their father and a hard-fea- and pale, half-starved, and fraff-clothed .tured, elderly woman, of whom the whole your attention.

The long an' the short on it is, you'll have to turn out! I could ha' let this room, times an' often, for three-an' six, au' have seen two summers, toddled in, cling- parations were completed, ding dong, ding viously, and wouldn't feel the cold. that you won't pay.'

'Won't pay, Mrs. Niggs?' replied the poor father.

gownd yesterday, as a kind of security for the rent; but what's the good o' that ? It's flowt but an old merina." 'It was her wedding-gown,' mildly ex-

postilated the mountebank, heaving a sad sigh as he thought of the happy sunny morning when first 'the old merina' adorned its gay owner-it was her weddinggown, and poor Agnes wouldn't like to lose ed to burn brighter as soon as mother en hot tea and some thick slices of bread and Luckily, the first house we come to in

'That may be; but 'tain't any use to me;

it 'ul outy fit a half-starved shrimp of a woman like her. 'But, Mrs Niggs you've got my watch

'A trumpery, old fashioned thing, as big as a warming pan! said Mrs Niggs.
'It was dear grandfather's,' sighed the

'Tain't worth half-a suvring, I know,' returned the benevolent Mrs Niggs; 'an' I

'Why, certainly, it doesn't rain to-day, ma'am,' said the father, walking to the window, and rubbing a pane of glass with his arm, to make a thoroughfare for his evedark, as if there'd be a downfall of some sort-either rain or snow, and-looking apprehensively towards his thinly clad children-'it's bitter, bitter cold.'

'Cold!' retorted Niggs; 'cold do you say? Well, I'm sure, I don't find it cold.' (She had on a warm cloth dress, a large woolen shawl handkerebief, and thick double-soled boots.) 'Indeed it sin't cold for the time o' year, fine bracing weather, I call itmake the boys hardy to be out in it.' 'But' said the father, 'they haven't broke

their fast yet; and'-'It's only twelve o'clock,' interrupted the humane landlady, 'an' many the good Christyin as hasn't had their breakfast yet, let scum, which I look on as hathings! What matters whether you takes your lads out afore breakfasses or arter? You shouldn't indulge their appetites overmuch.'

Here the father glanced at the attenuated forms of his young ones, and replied only by a mournful shake of his head—the children staring carnestly at Mrs Niggs, as f wondering what her notions of 'indulgence' might be. A sixpenny loaf and a jng of water had been the only provision within the walls of their wretched garret for the last four-and-twenty; the last morsel of the bread had been demolished for supper the night previous.

'There,' added Niggs, as a single dab was heard at the street door-there's the gal with my shoulder and taters from the baker's. I must be going, for I hate my victuals cold. Now, you mind what I've said, Mr. Thingamy-if you don't pay up like a man, afore Thursday, out you go take them little creeters into the streets, an' see if they can't earn a trifle, as I call it; either way, the money's as good. Grumble about the weather, indeed! Why, for the time of year-Drat that gal! she's left the street door sjar, an' the draught comes up them stairs enough to cut a body in twou n.gh.

Grumbling and shivering, Mrs. Niggs lumped heavily down stairs to scold the 'gal,' and afterwards, to solace herself with a pint of hot ale and a good substantial dinner, the steam and appetizing smell garret, brought tears into his eyes, as he turned away from his hungry children, not impatient, or unhappy, or hungry, perhaps: poor fellow, he was all these at Why, then, was her heart so heavy? First he walked to the dingy window aforesaid, gazed up at the heavy clouds, then down at the pavement, saying mournfully to himself: 'There's sure to be window, then again to the cheerless firewith a remnant of an old clown's cap; and before the miserable attempt at a fire, saying, in as cheerful tone as he could muster: Mother'll be coming in soon, my lads and

'And then, will there be bretfas, daddy? asked the youngest boy. 'Yes, yes, Midgkins; at least I hope

Here the poor fellow took the boy on his to beguile the time until mother should songs and hymns which that mother loved to teach them.

' Now, Midgkins, it's your turn,' said the father, after Alfy had gone through his ther, and no breakfast.

Accordingly, the child began to recite, and Bee; but when he came to 'with the sweet cracking stairs.

release her from the burden of a baby some ing with interest to the conclusion of a dia- great difficulty, for the woman was slight end of the town.' tered the room! She sat down, and Midgmore for appearance sake than for warmth,

ing worn them completly threadbare. said father.

ASHTABULA, O. SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 27, 1858. two lads? You said you could do nowt together had made matters so bad that in turn-outs, and we've nowt but the c'lection | and so cold, and so very drowsy. I wish difficulty, the latter contrived to swallow yesterday an' the day before for the rain; justice to their own townsfolk, they ought brass to live on. Good-luck to you, master, it only to have given me even that, and that I and to your pretty lads, wherever you go.

The mountebank made no reply to this; he opened his eyes, and gazed inquirity lads, wherever you go.

sight, 'it doesn't rain, but it looks terribly and cap, and then nodded to mother, who to the street-artisters, she disappeared after wandering about on the desolate, could, began to make his arrangements for they set out the old cracked cups and sau- for food is incessant. cers, the two battered lenden tea-spoons, and the old broken spouted brown tea pot! This useless to go home without money. It is useless to go home without money. It is useless to go home without money. It is the good-natured trio of card-players have remained all night; but this fine doctor mounted the partinlars no more face Mrs. Niggs than I could a tialone mountebanks an' the like meddicated meal; babkins (baby, I mean) tucking in Let's make a start, boys! come! cheerily, ng bread. Poor fellow! the maternal kins by the hand, he turned his back on

Keep up your spirits, Agnes; perhaps we thought and spoken in the same strain .-

they were quite out of sight, she turned in the workhouse. charge in the garret. Poor mother! why and I'll help you along. So the father led was her heart so heavy? Often and often both boys; and when they had walked neardaring to meet their looks. So he paced had she been separated from her husband, ly five miles, and begun to look tired, to the room, as people do when excited, or and the boys for three and four days at a their great delight he opened his inexhaust

II. THE MOOR. a downfall, for the pavement's quite damp, courts and narrow alleys where father though heard for the twentieth time at least, and that's always a sign.' Then he went thought it just possible they might raise a awakened in the juvenile auditors as warn to the almost empty grate, put on the last few pence. In front streets and bustling an interest as ever; and many were the remaining morsel of coal, fanned it with thoroughfares, he was aware that none his breadth into a tiny flame, then back a- would be tempted to stop and admire their which they gave rise. Formerly, when the gain to the window, then again to the performance. Indeed, had a few spectators been, by some wonderful chance, colplace, fidgeting about and busying himself lected in any such locality, the police would for a business excursion, would purchase with such little matters as sweeping the certainly have interfered with the customa- some comfits or pepperment lozenges, and, hearth, dusting the shaky mantle-piece ry gruff 'move on there l' After threading innumerable intricate passages, and torfinally, setting a low, ricketty wooden chair trous by-ways, with which the mountebank seemed perfectly familiar, our little party emerged into a large open squre-in former times, used as a hay-market-which, being surrounded by workmen's cottages, was a his might. Alfred startled the neighborhood with the clash of cymbals, and little Midgkins shook and spread his tiny square of carknee, drew Alfy towards him also, and tried pet, Ly way of giving 'note of preparation' Latterly, tales and songs had taken the to passers by. The drum and cymbal over- place of the comfits and the ball. come, by hearing them repeat the little ture continued for full ten minutes before any one condescended to notice the efforts

of the performers. Three or four workmen, having just dined, then sauntered to the doors of their respecleisurely smoking their pipes and enjoying the fresh air; a few children, too, attracted food,' &c., his voice failed him, the tears a young woman with an infant in her arms all its lustre was gone, long, long ago, and started into his eyes, and he wept loudly leaned out of the apstairs window of one eyes brightened up his father set him gent- from the rueful expression of his confute-'We must make the best of it, I suppose; ten months old, which she carried with it's the only likely place for a pitch at this

Giving a sort of sideways nod to the boys.

Lucy had on because her own green stuff the young woman at the window called out; extreme cold, fell fast asieep. pelisse had last week been converted into 'Bule a bit; I've summat for the little lads' the empty jug-stop a bit !' She ran up a good boy !" four young mountebanks in succession hav- stairs, and returned with an old scarlet This the mountebank said in an anxious, muffler and a green cotton neck-tie, which basky tone of voice, for the blinding snow 'No use your long walk, I know, Agnes,' she gave to the mountebank to wrap round prevented his discerning anything likely to of returning consciousness appeared. the children's throats. He received them prove a guide; a thick darkness was apreadturned the benevolent Mrs Niggs; 'an' I want seven weeks' rent of you this very day. Now don't jaw no more! talk's no use; it won't fill my pockets; it's money I want. Why don't you go out with them

mustn't trouble them again.'

Ah! there's no knowing what one's own but he clasped the boy's hand convulsively, on mention of a shilling, Alfy quietly filled the small tin kettle, and set it ou the now sparkling fire, slipped on his overcoat to her bosom; and godding a kidd farewell not, yet hoped for the best. At length, laid the stranger in as easy a posture as he of course understood him to mean: 'I'm Perchance, comfortable reader, you wonder snow-clad waste for nearly two hours, withready to go to the shop. She popped the how these children could find an appetite out meeting a living creature—the fary of condition into consider, he resolved to sit coin into his hand, and away he trotted on to enjoy a second meal so soon after their the storm ever increasing, and the cold, as up with him all night. Mrs. Dawson and his joyful errand. During his short ab- breakfast; but, remember, the boys had the day wore on, becoming yet more intense, Joe Ostler volunteered to watch too; and

of Mrs. Niggs's visit, which grieved his ger; so, we'll step on, best foot foremost; trembled from head to foot. Alfy was kind wishes for the invalid's speedy recov. wife, although it did not surprise her .- and if the weather doesn't turn out very pale, foot-sore, exhausted. In this terrible ery, they took their departure. Betty re-Laden with a loaf, ten, sugar, and two red bad we can be at Eglinthorpe by five strait, what was the bewildered father to tired to rest; and Mrs. Dawson brought herrings, Alfy returned, and the whole fami- o'clock. Tom Whitlock's sure to be there ly—in spite of landladies and turn-outs, with his tumbling-booth; he'll be glad of agony of his mind caused streams of per- beverage (brandy and water, bot); also a and the cold weather enjoyed a hearty us, and pay us well too, for the fair-day .- spiration to roll down his care-worn counter glass of strong rum punch for Joe, to help wonderful quantities of weak tea and sopp- bo! Thus monologuing, and leading Midg- tion; be arose, took off his cout, wrapped sired effect though; for Joe, tired out with nourishment must needs have been but the town, with little Alfy bringing up the rear. At the outset of the journey, the Brenkfast over, everybody looks more youngsters were lively enough, and prattled ively; father thinks that 'after all the snow on, in childish fashion, about 'what they'd mayn't come to-day;' mother fancies that do when they were older; what pains they'd the weather's milder than it was two hours take with their posturing and vaulting; ago; and the boys button on their coats. | and how they'd get a situation in some Well, well, we must even try our luck,' grand circus, where an immense amount of clers' Rest.' says the mountebank; 'we must see if we salary would be theirs; and how joyfully can't get as far as Eglinthorpe; there's a they'd give it all to their father and mother, fair held there to-morrow. It's no use try- who should never be ragged nor hungry lug the town again; what with the strike any more. The mountebank smiled on them and the dearness of food, poor folks can't compassionately as he listened; he rememgive, and rich ones never stop to look at us. bered that long years gone by he, too, had may make a pitch at some village on the Alas for human hopes and resolves! his road; and if we do I'll send you half of parents had died in the parish workhouse! whatever we get; so look out for a letter.' Not that he was unwilling to assist them

So saying, he strapped a dram round his -but not that he lacked affection towards waist, over a miserable ragged gray coat, them-but few and far between had been and pinned a little square of worn carpet- his opportunities of assisting them; for he ing over Milgkins shoulders; Agnes tied had not been fortunate in a profession, her own cotton shawl round Alfy, kissed which is, at best, but a precarious one, her boys, said good-bye to them and father. True, he had seen others, with a very limbut still seemed to linger about them; and ited amount of talent and industry, get when they were quite ready for a start, she forward in the race of life-rise in the world, laid baby on the bed, followed them down and attain a high position in their calling; stairs, kissed them once more, thrust the re- but his career had been an nusuccessful one; mains of the loaf into Alfy's pocket, and and though it would have been the pride of whispered to him: 'Be kind to little Midg- his affectionate heart to have cherished the kins? Mother watched her treasures in declining years of his aged parents, it was their progress down the street; and when not to be; and, as I said before, they died approaching trial. A trial it was, and a Joe hastened on his mission, while the whereof ascending to the mountebank's away with a heavy heart to her infant | 'Cheerily, ho, Alfy ! Give me your hand

> time, while they pursued their calling .- ible budget of oft-repeated tales, to lighten the tediousness of the journey. First, he related the succdote of Alfred the great On they went—the mountebank and his and the burned cakes; then the story of boys—through dirty, poverty-stricken lanes
> on, on, through dark, dejected looking the shepherd boy and the wolf—all of which, sensible remarks and pertinent questions to children were too young to be amused in this manuer, the mountebank, in providing after walking so long, that symptoms of weariness began to exhibit themselves in the slackened pace of the little pedestrians. he would scatter the sweetmeats here and there on the road at short intervals, and the chsldren, forgetting their fatigue, would follow quickly to secure the tempting prize; assemble; so father beat the drum with all exhausted, they would race with as much eagerness after a ball thrown by father in their onward path, as ever was manifested by jockey when competing for the Derby. The sixth milestone was greeted by the

roungsters as a friend, for it told them that

nalf of their journey was accomplished; but father appeared measy; he looked with dismay at the heavy black clouds overhead, little hoard of knowledge, and yet no mo- tive dwellings, where they stood a while and at the thickening snow; it had fallen gently all the afternoon, but it now began sage, she might have echoed Betty's cryto assume a threatening aspect. He stop- that is, if she, too, had been given to a beprettily too, that infant favorite, The Busy by the noise, formed into a group to witness ped suddenly in the most interesting por- lief in ghosts-for there, leaning for supthe proceedings of the professionals; and tion of The Thriftless Heir, which he was relating, and felt irresolute whether to return even then, or to go forward. After a ing and struggling for breath; his eyes and bitterly, with his pale, tiny face hidden of the adjacent cottages. Father cast his brief pause, he chose the latter alternative, bloodshot, and glaring wildly around; his ochred canvas shoes, terribly frayed and in his father's breast. At this moment, a practiced eyes around, counted feads, and for, as he argued mentally, to return withweary step was heard slowly ascending the shrugged his shoulders. He drummed away out having any part of the rent to proffer and, in such a bitter night as that wearing for another five minutes, and then took a to Mrs. Niggs, would only provoke her to only the thin garments of a street-tumbler. 'Mother, mother!' shouted Alfy, who second survey of his audience, but without carry into infinediate execution her threat and those saturated with snow. At last, sprang to open the door. Little Midgkin's any satisfactory result, if one might judge of turning all the family out into the streets; the mountebank had reached the Travelers' whereas, if he went on to the fair, his wife Rest whose friendly lamp had guided him y down, and hastened to meet his wife and nance; however, he muttered to himself; and the younger children would at least be to the door. certain of a roof to shefter them-and that was something in such inclement weather. Setting this out of the question, his little party was light way to its place of destina-The most cursory glance might serve to in- they took the cue from him with great alac- tion. To be sore, the remaining half lay family seemed to stand in awe. These form you that she was indeed the mother rity, divested themselves of their coats, and across a barren moor, where there were no formed the group to which I would direct so anxiously waited for; she was so like her prepared to dazzle and delight all beholders hedgerows or walls to screen the travelers boys. The same expression of patient en- with the splendor of their wardrobe, and from the weather. What of that? He'd ward a few steps ! ritered, in a hourse durance was on her long thin face and in the combined grace and agility of their carry Midgkins; and then he and Alfy her meek blue eyes. A girl, who might movements. Unluckily, just as these prehere I only charge you half-a-crown, an' ing to her gown. The child's nose was red, doig, went the large bell of the nearest suant to this resolution, he took the tired her cheeks blue, and her eyes were filled factory, and, obedient to its summons, away little one, nothing loth, in his arms, afthrough, with water; it was evident, indeed, from the walked the workmen. A moment after encumbered as he was by the large drum, it appearance of both children, and of moth- was heard the tinkling of a school-bell, was a troublesome matter to manage this Well, leastways, you don't pay. To be er too, that the morning was intensely cold. whereupon, with unwilling steps and slow, additional weight. Still he toiled on, supsure, your missis give me her bit of best Alfy met his sister, took off her lilac cotas if sorry to be thus deprived of the exporting Midgkins on one arm, and leading the whist party, he raised the patient up. ton bonnet, which, long innocent of starch, pected sight, the admiring scholars moved flapped uneasily over her forehead. He next off. Father and boys, perceiving that no thicker and faster feft the snow-flakes, and divested her of an old, coarse, brown over- chance remained of earning even the small- gradually slower and more feeble became coat, made originally by mother for Midg- ear pittance, made ready for their depart- the boy's steps; and Midgkins nestling in of 'the ghost' were dispelled, hastened to kins to wear over his fleshings, but which ure. Just as they were walking sadly away, his father's bosom, overpowered with the

'Come, my hoy, step out and let us get a diener. Strangely enough, the fire seem- Presently, out she came, bringing a fire of under cover; it's going to be a fearful night! butter, saying, 'you mun cat this, and take linthorpe is the Trevelers' Rest; and a in compfiance with which, the persons adkins climbed on her lap; Alfy took posses | this tea before you go any further, poor kind-hearted body is Mrs. Dawson, that dressed disappeared instanteously, and resion of a low stool, seated Lucy on his things! You'll do but little to-day, for it's keeps it; she'll not refuse to let you and turned anon with the appliances above knees, and began chafing her poor half- beginning to snow, and you can't act in the Midgkins sit by the kitchen-fire, while I named. Every one present lending a hand. frozen hands and feet; while father untied wet streets. God help you! There!- look for Tom Whitlock, and settle matters the hot blankets were quickly spread, and haby's cloak and hood-put on certainly Stop a bit,' she exclaimed, as Alfy gave her with him. Walk as last as you can—there's the insensible form of the mountebank en-

sence, what preparations Midgkins and Lucxisted in a state of semi-starvation all he yielded to the faint cutristies of poor it was agreed upon, that, at six in the cy made! how they bustled about; how their lives; and in such cases the craving Alfy, to sit and rest just a little while.' nance. A short time sufficed for delibera- him to watch. It didn't produce the de

me to carry you and Midgkins to the Trav- deeply immersed in newspaper, politica;

coat ; see what large flakes of snow are bar-parlor until three o'clock, when suddencoming down,'

Don't heed me, love,' replied father ; but try to stay awake, and keep close to

most overcame the mountebank ; but he somersault! Here goes ! struggled manfully with his feelings; he | Suiting the action to the word, he was embraced lovingly, again and again, Alfy about to precipitate the chair across the and the unconscious Midgkins. He could room, and through a large looking-glass hardly persuade himself to go ; yet to stay which hung over the mantle-plece ; when was certain destruction, for the snow fell the doctor, being on the alert, woke Joe still, a the darkness still increased. Alone with a heavy kick on the shins, and, by and unencumbered, he might reach Eglin- their united efforts, they wrested the chair thorpe very soon-nay, perhaps, at that from him, and forced him to lie down. moment he might be close upon the village, courage, as if to brace his nerves for the him to send me a composing-draught." way he was going-all hap-hazard-it workhouse-death ! being by this time so dark that, to use a

III. THE TRAVELERS' REST. The door of the Travelers' Rest always care.'

Stands hospitably open, as is becoming in a The mountebank shook his head; but, roadside house of entertainment. On this particular stormy night, the snow came drifting in foriously; and the wind, whis tling along the wide passages of the oldfashioned public house, disturbed the whistplayers, who were enjoying their usual evening rubber in the bar-parlor. Mrs. Dawson, from her sanctum (the bar), where she sat in attendance on her customers, observ-

ed this, and called out to the servant : 'Bet, my lass, thou mays't shut the front door ; we shall ba' no more visitors to-night for certain; nobody would venture out in such a storm ; so get thy supper, and bed wi' thee-thou hast to rise early to-morrow. place where, perhaps, an audience might and when the stock of confectionary was If the morning turns out fine, we shall ha' lots o' fair-dry folk here by seven o'clock.'

Betty went to obey her mistress's orders.

but immediately rushed back, screaming with terror, and crying out : 'A ghost, ghost !' she took refuge in the kitchen, slamming the door after her, to keep the spiritual intruder at a respectful distance. 'A ghost ; why, what does the silly wench mean?' said Mrs. Dawson, as she be meal drew towards a conclusion, the put her knitting down, and came out of the mountebank slowly arose, and assuming a bar to ascertain the cause of this extraordinary conduct. On arriving in the pasport with one hand on each door post, stood a figure ghastly to behold !- a man, gasphair matted and dishevelled ; shoeless ;

Bless me !' cried the landingy. here's a poor chap that looks as if he was dying. He's one of the show-folk, I see. Come in, good man ; don't stand there-come to

the fire ; thou seems perished." The mountebank essayed to accept her hospitable invitation; he staggered forwhisper, the word 'water,' when a stream of blood gushed from his mouth, and he fell heavily face downwards.

The house was all astir directly : the rabber came to a sudden close, and the village doctor, who was one of the card players, hurried out to the sick man's assistance. the whist party, he raised the patient up, and bore him carefully into the bar-parlor, where he was deposited on the sofa. Ostler, and Betty too, now that her fears offer their services in his behalf.

Blankers made quite hot, Betty ! Warm water and a sponge, Joe! A glass of them! weak port-negus, Mrs. Dawson !

Such were the doctor's harried orders veloped therein; his mouth and eyes were therein ; his mouth and eyes were sponged unceasingly for many minutes, but no signs

'No, no,' replied the doctor, 'but he's in

it. It somewhat revived him, for present He sat down with both the children on his other members of the party Fain would knees, Midgkins still slumbering, but not the good-natured trio of card-players have do? Shivering as he was with cold, the the doctor a stiff tumbler of his favorite it round his boys, and placed them in a sit- a hard day's work-he was ostler, boots, ting posture against the drum.

'Now, Alfy,' said he making a painful tossing off the steaming potion, leaned back effort to speak cheerfully, 'I must leave you in his chair, and fell fast asleep. Mrs. for a while. You know I can walk very Dawson employed berself in knitting a fast; and I'll try to find my way to the stocking, and sipping green tea; the docvillage, and get some one to come and help tor, with his feet on the fender, was soon and the mountebank alcombered uneasily 'But, father' you mustn't go without your This was the state of affairs in the little ly the patient started up, seized a chair which stood near him, waved it over his bead, and finally balanced it on his foreyour little brother.'

'Yes, father, and I'll say my prayers.—
Mother always told me to pray to God to take care of us if we should be in trouble.'

The idea of mother at that moment al-

'Joe,' said the doctor, 'run across the although the darkness obscured it from his road ; ring the surgery-bell as loud as you view. These cheering hopes he tried to ea- can till my young man answers it, and tell

heavy one, to leave his young ones in atter | doctor and Mrs. Dawson held the patient darkness on that dreary moor; but it must down, and tried with soothing words to be. The father yielded to stern neccessity calm his agitation, but in vain. He tremand with tears of agony, tore himself from bled violently, his eyes flashed fire, and he the spot, and walked away with rapid raved unceasingly about his boys-his darstrides. It was all guess-work as to which lings ! about hunger-poverty-snow-the

Joe re-appeared with the draught ; this common but expressive phrase, you, couldn't the doctor put into a tumbler, and applied have seen your hand before you.' drink, my man, drink ; a glass will drown

n hearing the landlady in a kind add her entreaties to those of the doctor, be said quietly : 'Well, well, Agnes, if work wish me to take it, I will ;' and he held out his hand for the glass, the contents of which he drained at once. Its effects were instantaneous ; the poor man laid his head on the pillow and soon slept tranquilly,

At the appointed hour, the gentleman who had promised to relieve the watchers assembled at the Travelers' Rest. Mrs. Dawson, however, declared that she 'didn't feel fatigued-that it warn't worth while to go to bed, for the fair-day folk would be meeting in an hour or two, and she would rather stay up.' So said the doctor too, and Joe agreed with them.

Bring breakfast then, for the party, at my expense,' cried Hopkins, the exciseman; and let it be of the best.'

The landlady bustled about, aroused Betty to assist her, and between them they quickly prepared a capital breakfast, to which all present did ample justice. As sitting posture, surveyed the room and its occupants with unfeigned astonishment.

Well, my man,' said the worthy doctor, you've had a telerably long map; now, take this cup of coffee, and, if you can, eat a slice of bread and bam ; it will do you no barm.' The poor man made no answer, for he

was completely bewildered, but, mechanically, he took the cup in his hand, staring facantly around until he chanced to see the portly form of the landlady, who was preid no at the breakfast-table, when with the speed and force of lightning, yesterday's incidents rushed in a crowd apon his memery. 'This is the Travelers Rest, then,' said he. 'Don't you remember me, Mrs. Dawson? You used to call me Balphegot; because like him, I was a mount chank, and, like him, had a pretty wife and a family, 'So it is, I declare,' replied Mrs. Daw-son; 'it's the father of them two lovely

boys as were here last full." At the mention of his boys, the sick man's face became absolutely livid with fear, and his lips quivered as he gasped forth : My children -are they safe ?

There was a dead silence, for the dreadful truth ffashed upon every one present --The father had been compelled to leave his darlings on the moor, exposed to the fury of that terrible tempest, while he sought aid in their behalf. The doctor was the first to speak ; 'We'll hope so, my good

'Hope? Are they not here ? Speak ! quick | quick ! quick ! You won't answer me. O my boys ! Dead !-dead ! Wretch. inhuman wrotch that I was to abandon

Again the benevolent doctor was the spokesman; he hastened to assure the unhappy father that immediate search should be made-tried to cheer him by expressing a hope which he certainly did not feelthat the children would be found safe, and promised that everything possible should be done for them.

It's my delight, of a shiny night, in the season of the year !' roared rather than sung a rough, good-natured voice, as its owner drove up to the inn-door in a light

There,s Tom Whitlock,' exclaimed the Concluded on 4th Page.